1 thank you.—By yon bush ?—Pray, how far thither ?
*Ods pittikins[3]!—can it be six miles yet ?—I have gone all night:—'Faith, 111 lie down and sleep.
But, soft I no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[Seeing the Body.

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world; This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream; For, so, I thought J was a cave-keeper, And cook to honest creatures : But 'tis not so ; TVas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, Which the brain makes of fumes[2]: Our very eyes Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it! The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt. A headless man !—The garment of Pcsthumus! I know the shape of his leg : this is his hand; His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face [3] —

pettildns!] This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in Westward Hoe, 1607; in The Shoema-ler's Holiday, or The Gentle Craft, 1600. It is derived from " God's my pity," which likewise occurs in Cymbeline. STEEVENS.

[2] Which the BKAIN makes of FUMES :] So, in Macbeth ;

"That memory, the warder of the *brain* [y]" Shall be *si fume."*

STEEVENS.

3—Ms JOVIAL face—] *Jovial* face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatick writers. So, Hey wood, in The Silver Age:

«« ——. Alcides here will stand,
" To plague you all with his high *Jovial hand."*